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THE  
RETIREMENT.  
A  
POEM.

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—O *Quis me gelidis sub Montibus Hæmi*  
*Sifstat, & ingenti ramorum protegat Umbra?*

VIRG.

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# THE RETIREMENT.

**H**APPY the Man, who, free'd from Vain Desires,  
From the Dull Noise of Busi'd Crowds retires !

Happy, if blest with some Convenient Seat ;  
He flies the Dang'rous Pleasures of the Great !  
No Anxious Cares disturb his Peaceful Brow ;  
Calm as his Thoughts his Easy Minutes flow.

But how is the Deluded World misled,  
By Wealth, by Titles, or by Pow'r betray'd  
For Gain the Merchant risks the Faithless Seas ;  
For Gain the Lawyer prostitutes his Ease :  
Vent'rous the Soldier rushes to the Wars,  
Quits Soft Repose for Vainly-glorious Scars ;  
Thro' Floods, thro' Flames th' Unthinking Hero flies,  
And in the Midst of all his Triumphs dies.

B

But

But view, oh view th' Aspiring Courtier's Fate,  
 How servilely he labours to be Great !

First marks the Rising Sun, Him he adores,  
 Attends his Levée, waits his Leisure-Hours ;  
 Flatters, deludes Him with Ungen'rous Wiles,  
 With Sordid Cringes and Dissembl'd Smiles ;  
 Such the Base Means ! But oh ! how oft in vain,  
 Contemn'd, Successless, do's the Wretch complain ?

How'e're, let Fortune grant what he requires,  
 And fondly favour all his Rash Desires ;  
 Let him as high as his Ambition soar ;  
 How Dang'rous such a Height ! how Short-liv'd such a  
 [ Pow'r !

Not so the Man, who void of Envious Cares,  
 The Humble Village to a Court prefers :  
 Indulgent Nature all his Wants supplies,  
 Grants Peace, which from the Gilded Palace flies :  
 Tho' his Low Roofs no Beds of State allow,  
 No Costly Wines o're the Mean Pavement flow ;  
 Instead of these th' Unartful Joys he proves,  
 Of Sweet Refreshing Streams, and Verdant Groves :  
 How Shady are the Groves, how Cool the Streams,  
 When the Sun rages with Redoubl'd Flames ?

There

There, stretch'd at Ease upon the Tender Grass,  
 He hears the Waters gently murmur'ring pass ;  
 He hears the Cheerful Birds Melodious Airs,  
 Happy like them, like them Exempt from Cares :  
 There, with the Partner of his Soft Desires,  
 Tastes all those Pleasures Gen'rous Love inspires ;  
 Not such as spring from the Delusive Charms  
 Which Fancy paints in the *False Syren's* Arms ;  
 But such as may a Modest Flame relieve,  
 Such as the Chaste Nymph may freely give :  
 No Prince feels Half the Joys in being Great,  
 As this Blest Man in his Unenvy'd State.

Raptures like these inspir'd the Golden Age,  
 Whilst but One Int'rest did their Thoughts engage ;  
 Careless of Grandeur, Wealth, or Fruitless Praise,  
 Low in Life's Peaceful Vale they pass'd their Days ;  
 Happy, till Faction rear'd its Envious Head ;  
 Till Luxury its Wasteful Torrent spread ;  
 Till False Ambition charm'd, and Heedless Man betray'd.

Thus Horace well employ'd his Grateful Hours  
 'Midst Fountains, Fields, and Unfrequented Bow'rs ;

The

The Studious Rural Life he ever lov'd,  
 The Rural Life has ever happiest prov'd.  
 Not all the Specious Pomp of Flatt'ring *Rome*;  
 Cou'd draw the Poet from his Dearer Home;  
 There, from the World a Safe Retreat he found,  
 Nor envy'd Monarchs in his *Sabine* Ground.

Thus (O for ever hallow'd be that Name!)  
 The God-like *Maro* liv'd; whose Genial Flame  
 Still warms each Bard, each Em'lous Muse inspires  
 With Tuneful Raptures and Celestial Fires.

Hero's themselves have laid their Trophies down,  
 For Peaceful Olives chang'd the Warrior's Crown:  
 Such *Scipio* was-----  
 He, who *Rome's* Vanquish'd Foes in Triumph led,  
 Whose Aweful Nod the Trembling World obey'd;  
 Ev'n He, from Conquest did to Shades repair,  
 Happier in these than all the Spoils of War:  
 Had *Hannibal*, like him, been timely Wise,  
 He ne're had mourn'd his Fatal Victories;  
 Friendless, Unpity'd, He had ne're survey'd  
 The Lawrels wretched from his Aged Head,  
 Nor *Carthaginian* Tow'rs by *Latian* Flames o'respread.

Such

Such was the Life Great *Dioclesian* chose,  
 Studious of Ease, and Undisturb'd Repose ;  
 See with what Joy from Empire he retires !  
 Pities the Wretch who to a Crown aspires ;  
 To Gilded Roofs prefers Unenvy'd Fields,  
 Whilst Proud Imperial *Rome* to Poor *Salona* yields.

O Blest Retreat ! O Venerable Woods !  
 Ye Grateful Meadows, and ye Cooling Floods !  
 Secur'd by You, We feel no Rude Alarms  
 Of Civil Faction, or Invading Arms.  
 How are our Souls with Various Raptures fir'd,  
 By Groves and Lawns, and Murm'ring Streams inspir'd ?  
 There, Hills and Vales disclose a Beauteous Scene ;  
 Here, Fountains rise, and Bays for-ever Green :  
 Hail, O ye Sacred Trees ! whose Deathless Boughs  
 Adorn the Conqu'ror's and the Poet's Brows ;  
 Grac'd with your Wreaths, *ELIZA* still survives,  
 And Tender *Spencer* yet uninjur'd lives :  
 Like Her, shou'd *ANNA* wear th' Immortal Bays ;  
 Like His shou'd be my Fate, cou'd I but reach his Lays.

So may I live in some Obscure Retreat,  
 Far from the Noise and Follies of the Great !  
 Nor envy'd, nor neglected may I pass  
 Thro' ev'ry Stage of my Appointed Race !  
 May no Ambitious Thought disturb my Rest,  
 But Peace and Innocence still guard my Breast !  
 And when the Last, the Destin'd Hour shall come,  
 When Others tremble at th' Approaching Doom ;  
 Ev'n then, Reflection shall such Joys display,  
 With Pleasure I'll the Grateful Scene survey ;  
 Conscious of such a Life I'll ne're repine,  
 But to Propitious Fate my Willing Soul resign.

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**F I N I S.**

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